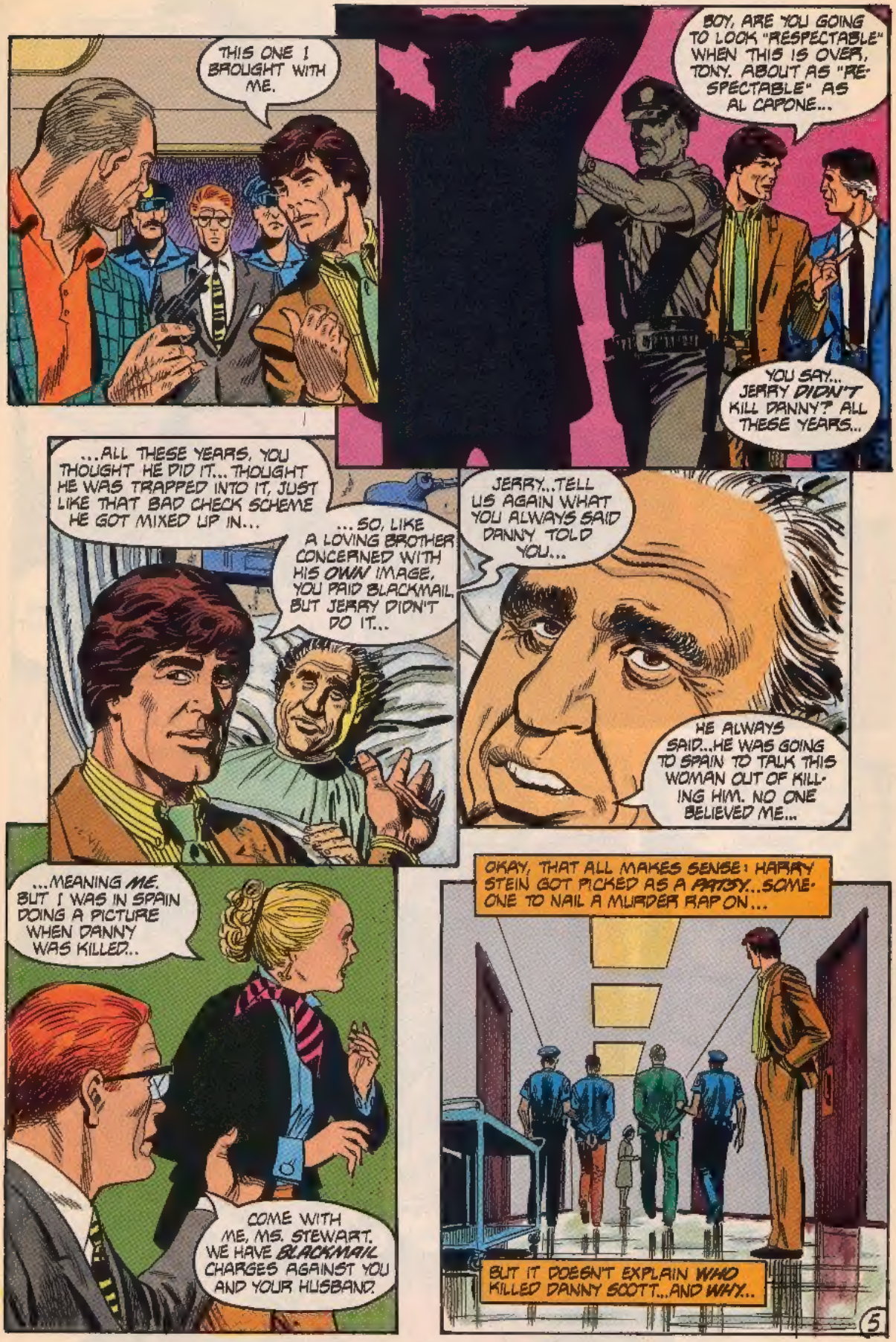
WHO SHOT DANNY SCOTT?

THE ANSWER

YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH, JENSEN...
THAT'S WHY YOU NEVER MADE IT IN THE MAJORS.
JUST THEN, ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BLACKMAIL GIVES ME AN IDEA...
I STILL HAVE TO SET A TRAP FOR MY MAN...
SHE MUST'VE GONE TO SEE TONY AND I HAVE A HUNCH WHERE TO FIND HIM. BUT FIRST...
THE WAY HIS VOICE SOUNDS, I KNOW I'M RIGHT...
...THAT'S RIGHT... IN THE CASINO... THREE A.M.
I'LL BE THERE.
TONY, I FIGURE, HAS TO BE AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE HIS BROTHER IS...
DON'T WORRY, JERRY. YOU'RE GONNA GET BETTER. I SWEAR YOU ARE...
I BELIEVE YOU, TONY...
2

I'M NOT LETTING YOU SEND MY BROTHER AWAY, Y'HEAR?
I'LL GO TO THE PAPERS... TELL THEM THAT YOUR BROTHER KILLED DANNY. YOU DON'T WANT THAT... EVEN IF HARRY STEIN IS CONVICTED...
HARRY DIDN'T KILL DANNY SCOTT --AND NEITHER DID JERRY.
THEN JUST KEEP THE CHECKS COMING, THAT'S ALL. YOU CAN AFFORD IT, TONY. YOU CAN BUY ANYTHING...EVEN RESPECTABILITY.
SHE'S BEEN BLACKMAILING YOU ALL THESE YEARS...RIGHT, TONY? SHE TOLD YOU SHE HAD THE LETTER DANNY WROTE...
SHE SAID IT NAMED YOUR BROTHER AS THE KILLER...
GO ON...
MAYBE SHE EVEN SHOWED IT TO YOU. WELL, IF SHE DID, IT WAS A FORGERY.
...JUST LIKE THE FORGERY YOU GAVE TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. THAT LETTER ACCUSING HARRY STEIN... IT WAS A PHONY...
YOU FIGURED, IF SOMEONE ELSE GETS CONVICTED OF KILLING DANNY SCOTT, THAT WOULD END THE BLACKMAIL AND ALL SUSPICIONS THAT JERRY WAS INVOLVED...
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT LETTER'S A FAKE?
EASY: THE LETTERHEAD HAD A ZIP CODE ON IT. ZIP CODES WEREN'T EVEN INVENTED WHEN DANNY WAS KILLED IN '61...
YOU KNEW THE LETTER WOULDN'T STAND UP TO TESTING...
3

THAT'S WHY YOU SENT NATE HERE TO STEAL IT FROM THE CHEMIST, DOC SCHUSTER...ONLY HE HAD TO KILL HIM TO GET IT BACK...
YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT.
DID YOU READ ABOUT THE CHEMICALS THEY FOUND BY HIS BODY--?
THERE WAS SULFUR, POTASSIUM, TELLURIUM, SODIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND ARGON. THAT WAS HIS WAY OF TELLING US WHO SHOT HIM...
NATE MUST'VE TRIED TO BUY HIM OFF BUT HE WOULDN'T COOPERATE--SO HE SHOT DOC AND THEN PUT ON THE MASK...
SEE? HERE... THE ABBREVIATION FOR SODIUM IS NA...
NA
YOU PUT DOWN THE SYMBOLS FOR THOSE SIX CHEMICALS AND LOOK WHAT THEY SPELL...
NA TE PARKS
LATER, HE TRIED TO KILL ME ...BUT HE SHOT JERRY BY ACCIDENT...
I WAS JUST FOLLOWIN' TONY'S ORDERS! AND I AIN'T GONNA MISS NOW...
THIS BUM'S CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE WASTE HIM.
NATE, ASK THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HOW MUCH TROUBLE YOU'RE IN.
WHAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY?
4


THIS ONE I BROUGHT WITH ME.
BOY, ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK "RESPECTABLE" WHEN THIS IS OVER, TONY. ABOUT AS "RESPECTABLE" AS AL CAPONE...
YOU SAY... JERRY DIDN'T KILL DANNY? ALL THESE YEARS...
...ALL THESE YEARS, YOU THOUGHT HE DID IT... THOUGHT HE WAS TRAPPED INTO IT, JUST LIKE THAT BAD CHECK SCHEME HE GOT MIXED UP IN...
...SO, LIKE A LOVING BROTHER CONCERNED WITH HIS OWN IMAGE, YOU PAID BLACKMAIL, BUT JERRY DIDN'T DO IT...
JERRY...TELL US AGAIN WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAID DANNY TOLD YOU...
HE ALWAYS SAID...HE WAS GOING TO SPAIN TO TALK THIS WOMAN OUT OF KILLING HIM. NO ONE BELIEVED ME...
...MEANING ME. BUT I WAS IN SPAIN DOING A PICTURE WHEN DANNY WAS KILLED..
COME WITH ME, MS. STEWART. WE HAVE BLACKMAIL CHARGES AGAINST YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND.
OKAY, THAT ALL MAKES SENSE: HARRY STEIN GOT PICKED AS A PATSY...SOMEONE TO NAIL A MURDER RAP ON...
BUT IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHO KILLED DANNY SCOTT...AND WHY...
5

WELL, I KNOW THE WHO PART...
AND WHEN HE GETS HERE, MAYBE HE'LL TELL ME THE WHY.
THIS PART OF THE CASINO IS USUALLY DESERTED. GOOD PLACE FOR THIS "CONVERSATION"...
AH, HERE HE COMES...
LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK, ENDICOTT. HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?
WHY'D YOU DO IT?
LOU BERGER...THE HEAD OF VALIANT PICTURES:
WHY'D I DO IT? ON ACCOUNT OF THAT WEASEL WAS TAKING EVERYTHING I HAD IN THE WORLD...
SUE STEWART WOULDN'T GIVE ME THE TIME OF DAY. SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH THAT ...THAT LITTLE MONKEY...
AND IF SHE MARRIED HIM, IT WOULD DESTROY BOTH THEIR CAREERS AT MY STUDIO...
MY FINANCIAL BACKERS SAID I HAD TO BREAK IT UP OR THEY'D TAKE VALIANT PICTURES AWAY FROM ME...
...SO YOU SHOT HIM.
ONLY LOGICAL THING TO DO. HOW'D YOU FIGURE IT OUT?
WELL, FIRST OF ALL, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS AMAZED WHEN I TOLD THEM THAT THE LETTER HAD TURNED UP...
6
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU KNEW YOU'D DESTROYED IT.
NO ONE-- NOT EVEN JERRY BIVONA-- WOULD HAVE BEEN DUMB ENOUGH TO NOT DESTROY A LETTER NAMING HIM THE MURDERER...

ALSO, DANNY TOLD JERRY THAT "SOME WOMAN" WHO WAS IN SPAIN WANTED HIM DEAD. JERRY'S MEMORY IS BAD...
HE DIDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF THIS "WOMAN" DANNY MENTIONED...
DANNY TOLD HIM LOU-LOU WAS GOING TO KILL HIM. JERRY THOUGHT HE MEANT "LULU," LIKE A WOMAN'S NAME...
YOU WENT TO SPAIN TO SUPERVISE THE FILM THAT SUE STEWART WAS MAKING...BUT YOU CAME BACK BEFORE DANNY WAS SHOT.
OKAY, OKAY...HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO KEEP QUIET?
SORRY, LOU. YOU'RE GOING TO CONFESS AND CLEAR HARRY STEIN.
YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING! I'LL DENY IT.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I HAVE A FRIEND UP THERE WHO'S BEEN TAPING EVERY WORD YOU JUST SAID.
RIGHT, HELEN?
RIGHT, JAY!
7 7 7
WELL, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU: DOING A GOOD DEED CAN SOMETIMES PAY OFF.
THE END

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ALL NEW! Reid is threatened with the loss of his job should he damage one more milktruck. Not to be missed!

THE NEW DNAgents no. 14
Trouble abounds as Amber loses the ability to fly, while Sham loses the all-important ability to think!

KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 4
The krazines kontinues as the katz try to pep up Kozy's ice-cream kone business by erekting a giant statue!

THIS MIGHT BE YOU: Okay, well, yesterday Dean and i went to a Woody Allen film extravaganza: Seven movies for $4.00, and you could eat food in the theater or sleep there or whatever. In case anyone cares, i think Allen is the best director currently working in film but that's beside the point.

The movies were run out of chronological order, which only emphasized their range from the early to the recent, from the silly to the profound. Their variety gave me a clarified sense of why i have enjoyed Allen's work for so many years, but more immediately, they produced a pole-axe-to-the-brain comprehension of the tragic devastation which can overtake writers who *fail* to let their work mature.

You see, the earlier, "funnier" vehicles in which Woody Allen embedded his off-the-cuff seriousness were really great—at the time, and considering Allen's age and experience. But imagine what it would be like if he had stayed in that vein. If he hadn't brought the outer form of his material into synch with the evolution of his philosophic consciousness, he'd be trundling out nothing more than stale laff routines now, and i wouldn't be watching. It may have been risky for a comedian like Allen to take such a decisive swing toward realism and pathos, but with "Annie Hall" he did it, and the beauty of his maturation is that from that point onward, he was able to add passionate depth to his work without sacrificing his idiosyncratic humour.

Seeing those films has led me to choosing this open letter format to contact a friend of mine, a certain writer, on a mission of intellectual "intervention," an attempt to bring him to his senses before he destroys something of great worth.

What's "intervention?" You've probably read about it, or seen it mentioned on television, but for the record, intervention is a radical new way of dealing with alcohol and drug abusers. In the past, it was considered in poor taste to talk directly to a person about a problem of this kind, but times have changed, and with them, tactics. Intervention consists of getting a group of relatives, friends and even co-workers together to speak frankly with a substance abuser. In an atmosphere of concerned support, the alcoholic or addict is told that he or she has a problem which can no longer be ignored through misguided "politeness." Ultimately, the interventionists lay down their rules: You aren't gonna be allowed to wreck your own life or the lives of those who love you, so you better get professional help now, period.

No, my friend's not on drugs or alcohol. He's not damaging himself in any flamboyant way, nor is harming those who love him. He's just coming unglued as a writer. He's quit the field he loves most (comics, if you want to know), and he's writing for another medium, one he knows to be decidedly, perhaps intrinsically flawed. In keeping with that other medium's limited expectations, he has retreated from the artistry of personal expression and is simply stringing words together. He justifies the move because his new work is "fun" and "easy," and his paycheck is on the increase. Right now his yearly income is quadruple mine, and he hasn't written one thing that has touched me in six months. (I am being charitable. Make that two years.)

As his output becomes more juvenile and derivative, his earnings increase, in some kind of bizarre Skinnerian reinforcement cycle that keeps him from breaking away. At this point he figures it would *cost* him money to write something good—and he can't "afford" the luxury. It remains to be seen whether he is still *capable* of great writing, but i think his faculties are intact. What form any new work of his would take is questionable, however, because he never has progressed beyond his brilliant "early" period, due to his detour with dough. It's as if Woody Allen had not only failed to make "Annie Hall," but wasn't even turning out endless variations of "Bananas" anymore, because he had gone into writing ad copy for robot toys instead.

I wonder if i can convey to you how dreadful it is to watch this happen to somebody you care about. He's hurting too. He tells me so. A writer with a fine mind, a quick wit, forty years of deeply-lived experience, and a sensitive heart is not capable of hacking out mindless dreck for big bucks without engaging in the demolition of his self-esteem. The term "prostitution" is sometimes used in connection with this kind of writing, but it's worse than that—it is addiction, spiritual suicide, with safe money as the drug instead of cocaine or booze.

Can you blame me for trying to intervene?

So wise up, pal... we've talked and talked and talked about it, but you still hack it out, wasting your talent while our friendship atrophies. It hurts to remember the writer you used to be... and i guess you'd rather not be reminded that you once shook my soul with a couple of yellow caption boxes on a page of comic book art.

(And if anybody else who reads this thinks that maybe, just maybe I'm talking about YOU ... well, take a look in the mirror. You might be right. There's enough to go around and then some. Who knows? I might just be writing a memorandum to myself.)

catherine yronwode

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IT MADE SENSE, I GUESS...
...FIVE LONGTIME FRIENDS, ALL PART-TIME MUSICIANS, FORMING A ROCK BAND...
THEY CALLED THEMSELVES NOAH ZARK, COMPLETE WITH INCREDIBLE COSTUMES...
THE MUSIC WASN'T BAD, BUT THE GIMMICK WAS BETTER...
NO ONE EVER KNEW WHICH OF THEM WAS WHICH...
I THINK THOM IS THE GOAT...
I HEARD A RUMOR THAT NED WAS THE BEAR...
IT BECAME A GREAT GAME FOR THEIR FANS: FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE PLAYED WHICH ANIMAL...
THAT'S CARTER! AND HE'S PRACTICING TRUMPET!
CLUES LIKE THAT ONE SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE...

ONE THAT *DIDN'T* MAKE THE PAPERS WAS WHEN NED WAS BEING CHASED BY A MOTORCYCLE PATROLMAN..
IT WAS AMAZING HE WALKED AWAY FROM
WELL, HE DIDN'T EXACTLY *WALK AWAY* ...MORE LIKE *STAGGERED AWAY* AND WAS PROMPTLY ARRESTED.
...WHICH IS WHERE I CAME IN:
CAN HE MAKE BAIL, MR. ENDICOTT?
WE'RE VERY RICH.
THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
HIS BLOOD-ALCOHOL LEVEL WAS 0.25.
IS THAT *HIGH*?
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY: IF THE RED CROSS WANTS TO TAKE BLOOD FROM HIM, THEY'LL NEED A LIQUOR LICENSE.
I DON'T MUCH LIKE HELPING SPRING DRUNK DRIVERS...
STILL, NED *DID* SEEM LIKE A NICE GUY...
...WHICH MADE IT ALL THE MORE SHOCKING WHEN, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, JUST BEFORE THEIR CONCERT...
2

WHO SLEW KANGAROO?

by Mark EVANIER and DAN SPIEGLE
LETTERING: CARRIE SPIEGLE
COLORING: MARCUS DAVID

I WAS THERE THAT NIGHT NED HAD GIVEN ME TICKETS...
WHAT A SHAME. HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO TAKE UP LEARNING TO PLAY THE SAX.
IT WOULD'VE BEEN NICE IF ONE OF OUR TRUMPET PLAYERS COULD HAVE ALSO PLAYED SAX...
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE?
I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD HELP. ANY IDEA WHO DID IT?
NO, I MEAN NO ONE'S EVER SUPPOSED TO SEE US BACK-STAGE!
FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME WITH HAWK!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WHICH OF YOU PLAYS WHICH ANIMAL. AND I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CARE RIGHT NOW...
STAY COOL, DON.
WE TOOK A BLOOD OATH, ALL OF US! UNDER PAIN OF DEATH, WE WILL NEVER REVEAL WHICH OF US IS WHICH.
EVEN THOUGH ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS WAS MURDERED?
NED WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THAT WAY. THE BAND --AND ITS SECRET-- MUST LIVE ON!
4

THESE GUYS REALLY TAKE THEIR CAREERS SERIOUSLY.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOMICIDE ISN'T HERE YET. MAYBE I'LL ASK AROUND BEFORE THEY GET HERE...
FUNNY THING: AFTER A MURDER, SOME FOLKS LOVE TO TALK...
ANYONE LEAVE SINCE THE MURDER?
ABSOLUTELY NO ONE WAS BACKSTAGE WHEN IT HAPPENED, 'CEPT FOR THE FIVE MUSICIANS.
THEY DEMAND THAT KIND OF SECURITY WHILE GETTIN' ON THEIR COSTUMES, YOU KNOW...
NO ONE. I JUST NOW LET THE CATERER IN SO HE COULD GET HIS STUFF...
HEY, NOTHING SHOULD BE REMOVED UNTIL—
I GOT AN ICE SCULPTURE IN THE TRUCK THAT'S MELTING, PAL. I'VE GOT TO GET ON TO MY NEXT STOP.
ENDICOTT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WELL SOMEBODY HAD TO DO SOMETHING. YOU SURE TOOK YOUR TIME ARR.VING.
DON'T MESS WITH ME, ENDICOTT, YOU'RE A BAILBONDSMAN, REMEMBER... NOT A COP! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS..
YES--I HAVE TO BE EFFICIENT.
5

IT NAGGED AT ME ON THE WAY HOME...
ALL THE COPS ON THE FORCE AND THEY HAD TO ASSIGN HASKELL TO INVESTIGATE-!
HE COULDN'T FIND TIP O'NEILL IN A HONDA.
...SO, LATER I VISITED THE CORONER'S...
SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE WITH A 22-CALIBER WEAPON, NOT FOUND AT THE SCENE...
NOTHING ELSE. I AM SORRY.
THEN I WENT TO SEE THE DECEASED'S SISTER...
HE WAS SUCH A SWEET MAN... NEVER HURT ANYBODY...
WHY HE WANTED TO BE A ROCK MUSICIAN, I NEVER UNDERSTOOD.
ANN... HOW'D HE GET INTO IT?
HIS BARBER PLAYED PIANO. I DON'T REMEMBER HIS NAME...
WELL, THE TWO OF THEM PLAYED DATES TOGETHER. THEY HAD A FRIEND WHO WAS A SALESMAN...HE'S NOW THE BEAR.
THE THREE OF THEM AND TWO OTHER GUYS FORMED THE GROUP.
I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH MORE. I WAS ALL THE FAMILY NED HAD AND WE WEREN'T CLOSE.
THANKS. AND I'M SORRY.
OH, WAIT F YOU HEAR ANYTHING... HERE'S MY CARD
THANKS. I JUST WANT THEM TO FIND WHO DID IT.
6

AS I DROVE HOME, I WONDERED: WHY WAS I RUNNING AROUND PLAYING DETECTIVE?
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY, NOT REALLY.
FORGET ABOUT IT, JAY NOT YOUR PROBLEM.
BUT IF ONE OF THE BAND MEMBERS SHOT HIM...
STOP THAT! THE POLICE WILL SOLVE IT...
"THE POLICE" IN THIS CASE IS MASKELL.
NOW APPEARING
MAYBE I CAN SPARE A LITTLE TIME...
I WENT TO SEE THEIR MANAGER, MAURIE...
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH OF THEM IS WHICH UNDER THE MASKS?
THEY DON'T TELL ANYONE. BUT HERE--LOOK AT THIS FAN MAGAZINE CLIPPING...
IT SAYS AS MUCH AS IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE...
7

RadRAP

This magazine is still offering a super cash award for anyone who can identify each of the fab five of NOAH ZARK and tell what occupation they had before they formed the hottest group in the biz. Best guess at the moment is that . . .

Dragon was a plumber.

Kangaroo was a salesman.

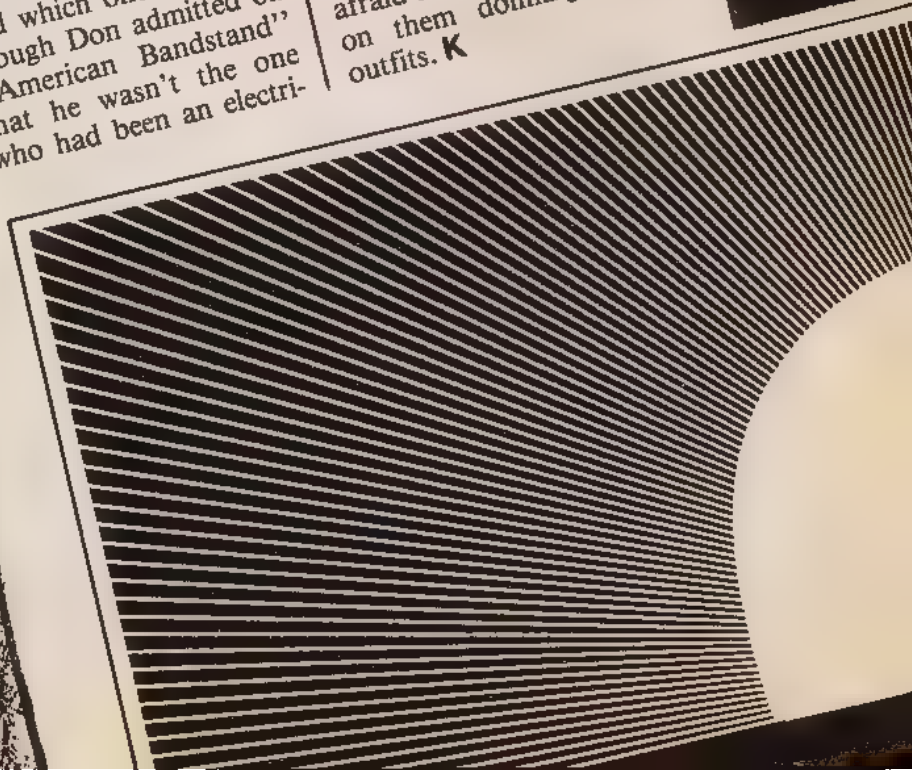
Goat was a baker.

Hawk was an electrician.

And Bear was a barber.

We still don't know which one is Don, which one is George, which one is Ned, which one is Thom and which one is Carter, though Don admitted on "American Bandstand" that he wasn't the one who had been an electrician. He also admitted that he couldn't play piano or sax but that he and George both played drums. He further stated that one of them was Dragon and that the other one was the former plumber but he wouldn't say which was which. This may mean that Don is Hawk because we already knew that Hawk doesn't play both piano and sax.

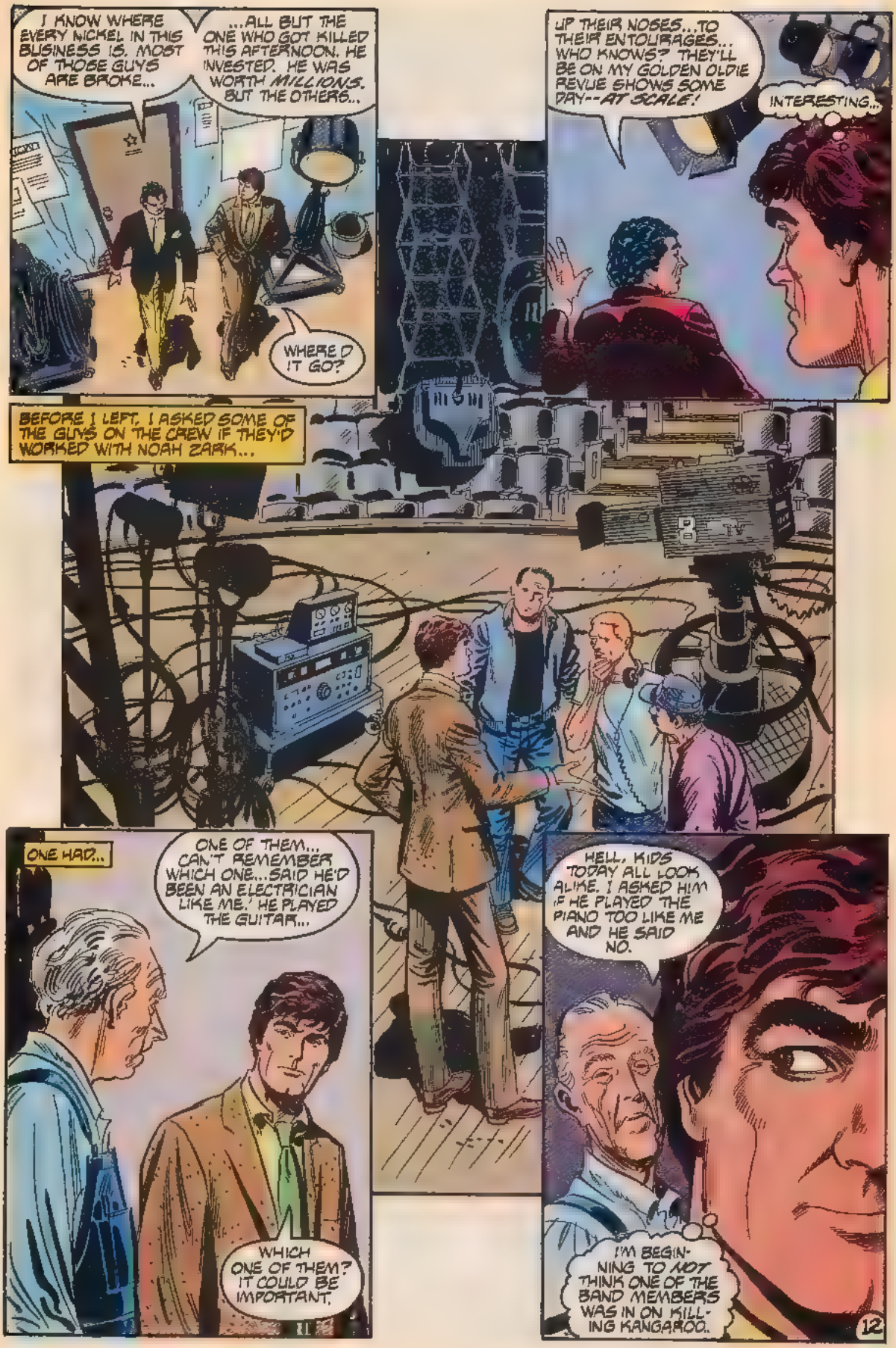
If this is all confusing to you, try this: The Furry Five were supposed to appear on "Continental Countdown" last May but reportedly cancelled because backstage security wasn't tight enough for them. Seems they were afraid someone could spy on them donning their outfits. **K**

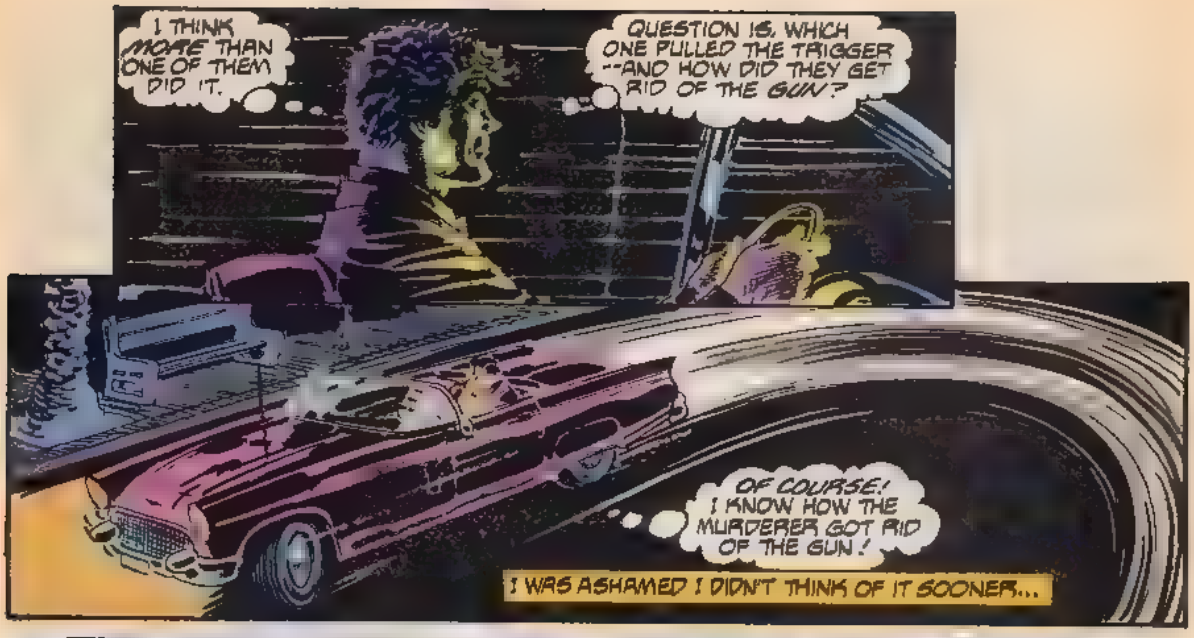


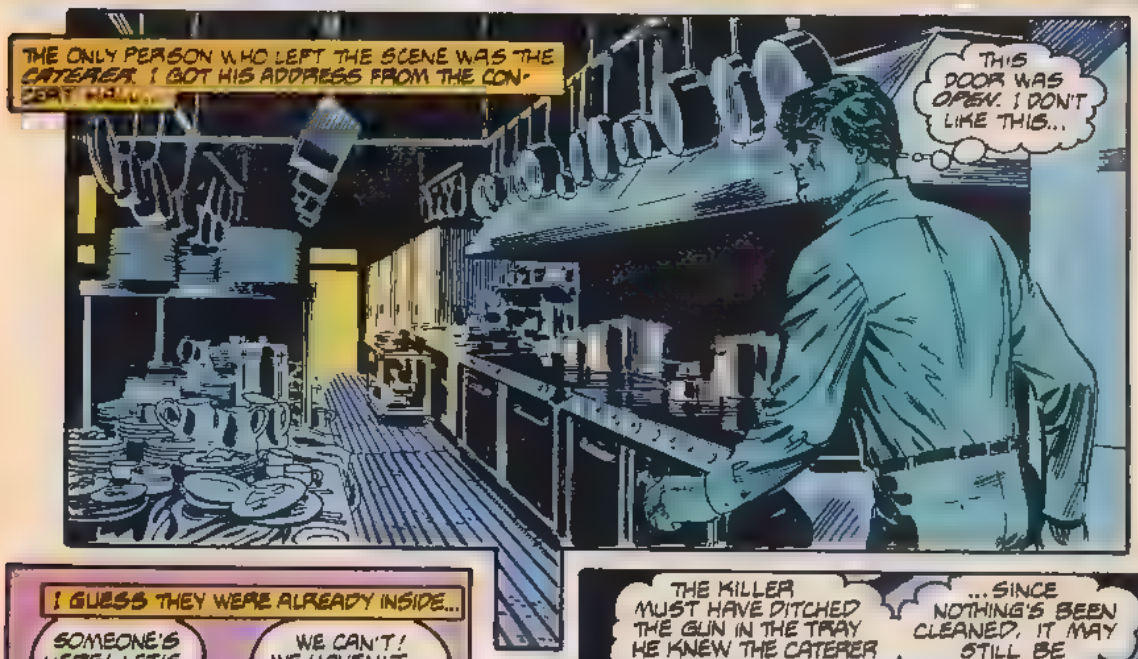
ARE ALL THOSE GUESSES TRUE?
THOM SAYS THE JOBS ARE RIGHT BUT THEY ASSIGNED EVERY ONE TO THE WRONG GUY. THAT'S ALL HE'D SAY...
LOOK, IT'S A GIMMICK. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY DON'T NEED ONE.
THEY WERE FIVE WOULD-BE MUSICIANS. TOWN'S LOADED WITH EM. THEY HAD A FEW THINGS IN COMMON...
THEY WERE ALL LEFT-HANDED AND THEY EACH PLAYED TWO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS...
THEY SWITCH OFF ON INSTRUMENTS. THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS NOBODY'S FIGURED OUT WHO'S WHO.
CLEVER. WELL, I HOPE THEY HAVE AN ACT NOW WITHOUT NED
THE REMAINING FOUR GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THEY ALL HAD WILLS LEAVING EVERYTHING TO THE OTHER FOUR..
IT SOUNDED LIKE A MOTIVE TO ME..
I HAD A HUNCH WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME..
"CONTINENTAL COUNTDOWN"...THIS SHOW'S BEEN ON TV SINCE I WAS IN KINDERGARTEN...
...AND DARRYL DUANE STILL HASN'T AGED A DAY
9

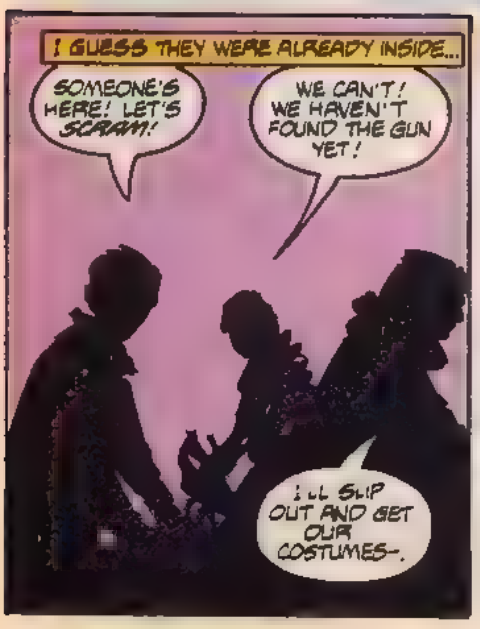
GET THOSE LIGHTS SET TO TAPE. I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE AND GET MY BEAUTY SLEEP...
TOMORROW, I TAPE FIVE "MILLION DOLLAR SPHINX" SHOWS, TWO "SCREW-UP" SPECIALS AND MY RADIO SHOW!
MANNY? I HEARD A VICIOUS RUMOR THAT SOMEONE'S DOING A SPECIAL FOR NBC AND IT ISN'T ME.
AND CHECK ON THE ROYALTIES ON MY YOUTH CREME!
DARRYL...
HI! I DON'T RECALL YOU DANCING HERE ON THE COUNTDOWN BEFORE. MY, YOU'RE LOVELY...
YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'S UP AND COMING I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU RATE...
UH DARRYL...
MR. DUANE, CAMERA THREE MADE A MISTAKE ON THE PIECE WE JUST TAPED. WE HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN...FIVE MINUTES!
FIVE MINUTES?
YOU SLIME, YOU COST ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS! I OUGHTA--
EASY, DARRYL...MUSTN'T PUNCH THE CREW!
I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU, DARRYL...IN PRIVATE!
I CAN'T NOW, ENDICOTT. WE'RE TAPING AND WE'RE ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE!
I CAN SQUEEZE YOU IN NEXT MONTH. CALL MY GIRL.

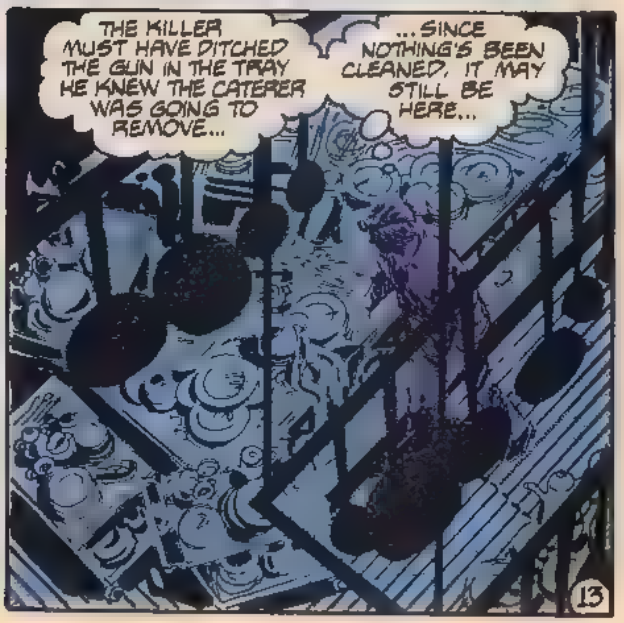
I THINK YOU HAVE TIME FOR ME NOW...
OR I HAVE TIME TO TELL THE NETWORK WHY YOU NEEDED MY SERVICES ONCE...
YOU WOULDN'T
OKAY, JERRY, GIVE THE CREW A FIVE... NO, A TEN!
BEFORE I COULD BLINK...
I READ THEY CANCELLED ON YOU ONCE...
NO, I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS WHICH. I WISH I DID. I'D ARM-TWIST THEM INTO DOING MY SHOW...
YEAH--YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE GREEN TRANSMISSION CANCELLED ON ME. EVERY-ONE WAS IMPRESSED THEY HAD THE GUTS TO...
WELL, WHAT ONE ACT GETS AWAY WITH, EVERY OTHER ACT HAS TO.
IF ONE GROUP KEEPS THEIR FANS WAITING AT A CONCERT TWENTY MINUTES, AN-OTHER GROUP WILL KEEP 'EM WAITING THIRTY.
I HAD EVERY GROUP AROUND BOOK-ING MY SHOW, JUST SO THEY COULD NOT SHOW UP...
CHARMING.
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THESE GUYS. THEY ALL KNOW IT'S GOING TO END TOMORROW. WHEN YOU GO COLD, YOU GO ICECOLD...
BEATS ME WHY THEY THROW THEIR CASH AWAY ...LIKE THOSE NORM ZARK GUYS...


I KNOW WHERE EVERY NICKEL IN THIS BUSINESS IS. MOST OF THOSE GUYS ARE BROKE...
...ALL BUT THE ONE WHO GOT KILLED THIS AFTERNOON. HE INVESTED. HE WAS WORTH MILLIONS. BUT THE OTHERS...
WHERE'D IT GO?
UP THEIR NOSES...TO THEIR ENTOURAGES... WHO KNOWS? THEY'LL BE ON MY GOLDEN OLDIE REVUE SHOWS SOME DAY--AT SCALE!
INTERESTING...
BEFORE I LEFT, I ASKED SOME OF THE GUYS ON THE CREW IF THEY'D WORKED WITH NOAH ZARK...
ONE HAD...
ONE OF THEM... CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE...SAID HE'D BEEN AN ELECTRICIAN LIKE ME.' HE PLAYED THE GUITAR...
WHICH ONE OF THEM? IT COULD BE IMPORTANT.
HELL, KIDS TODAY ALL LOOK ALIKE. I ASKED HIM IF HE PLAYED THE PIANO TOO LIKE ME AND HE SAID NO.
I'M BEGINNING TO NOT THINK ONE OF THE BAND MEMBERS WAS IN ON KILLING KANGAROO.
11
12


I THINK MORE THAN ONE OF THEM DID IT.
QUESTION IS, WHICH ONE PULLED THE TRIGGER --AND HOW DID THEY GET RID OF THE GUN?
OF COURSE! I KNOW HOW THE MURDERER GOT RID OF THE GUN!
I WAS ASHAMED I DIDN'T THINK OF IT SOONER...


THE ONLY PERSON WHO LEFT THE SCENE WAS THE CATERER. I GOT HIS ADDRESS FROM THE CONCERT HALL...
THIS DOOR WAS OPEN. I DON'T LIKE THIS...


I GUESS THEY WERE ALREADY INSIDE...
SOMEONE'S HERE! LET'S SCRAM!
WE CAN'T! WE HAVEN'T FOUND THE GUN YET!
I'LL SLIP OUT AND GET OUR COSTUMES-.


THE KILLER MUST HAVE DITCHED THE GUN IN THE TRAY HE KNEW THE CATERER WAS GOING TO REMOVE...
...SINCE NOTHING'S BEEN CLEANED, IT MAY STILL BE HERE...

YIK! REMIND ME NEVER TO USE THIS CATERER..
I DIDN'T HEAR THEM...
NOT AT FIRST
BUT THEN...
HAWK! SO HE'S THE ONE BEHIND THIS!
HE CAME HERE TO FIND THE GUN BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DID!
SO...GOAT'S IN ON THIS, TOO!
14

THEIR COSTUMES WERE BULKY... THEY COULDN'T MOVE FAST...
UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WERE TWO OF THEM...
MAKE THAT THREE.
OKAY, WHERE'S BEAR? HE'S GOT TO BE IN ON THIS, TOO.
YOU'RE WRONG! HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!

TOO BAD YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH OF US IS WHICH..
...AND YOU NEVER WILL!
HE'S EVEN DISGUISING HIS VOICE!
RIGHT NOW, I JUST HAVE TO GET AWAY OR--
OW! MISSED!
IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS TRAPPED...
...WHEN WHAT SHOULD I FIND BUT--?
THAT GUN! THAT'S GOT TO BE THE MURDER WEAPON!
OKAY, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE--
--OR I AIR-CONDITION THOSE SUITS FOR YOU!
I HAD THEM--OR THOUGHT I DID...
...BECAUSE I DIDN'T SEE GOAT TURN ON THE STOVE...
COOKIN OIL
COOKI OIL
...OR DRAGON GRAB THAT BOTTLE OF OIL...
16

IN SECONDS, THE PLACE WAS ON FIRE...
I HAD TO FORGET ABOUT CAPTURING THEM...
...AND JUST WORRY ABOUT SAVING MY OWN SKIN.
THEY GOT OUT...BUT I CAN GET HASKELL TO ARREST THEM.
RIGHT NOW, THE QUESTION IS: CAN I GET OUT?
TOOK ME A WHILE BUT I MADE IT...BARELY.
I'D BETTER GET A FIRE ALARM IN, QUICK...
ALL THE HORS D'OUEVRES ARE GOING TO BE WELL-DONE!

I TURNED THE WEAPON OVER TO HASKELL...
HERE'S FLOYD. HE RAN IT FOR PRINTS.
ONLY ONE SET... BELONGING TO A JAY ENDICOTT.
ASIDE FROM MINE--?
NOTHING! THERE WERE TRACES OF A LIQUID BANDAGE CALLED NU-SKIN. WHOEVER FIRED IT HAD APPLIED IT TO HIS FINGERTIPS...
IT OBSCURED HIS PRINTS.

WELL, YOU KNOW THAT THREE OF THE BAND MEMBERS ARE IN ON THIS. GO ARREST THEM.
NOT UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHICH ONE DIDN'T DO IT. ONE OF THEM IS INNOCENT...

THAT'S ASSUMING YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ANY OF THIS...
INTERESTING THOUGHT. MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE SET UP THE NOAH ZARK GUYS...
THOSE COSTUMES COULD BE FAKED...

THIS IS ALL PUZZLING... BUT IF WHAT THEIR MANAGER TOLD ME WAS ALL TRUE, I CAN DO IT...
I CAN FIGURE OUT WHO KILLED KANGAROO...

...AND SO CAN YOU!

RULES

Okay: You have just read the tale entitled **"Who Slew Kangaroo?"**—which raises the interesting question: "Who Slew Kangaroo?"

Now comes the contest part.

Many people *could have* done it, but in our tale, as crafted by Mark Evanier and Dan Spiegle, there is one correct answer and your mission, should you decide to accept, is to determine—**WHODUNNIT?** Mark and Dan have already written and illustrated the final chapter of this tale, featuring the solution to the mystery, and it is in a sealed package in the custody of the judges. In order to win, you must figure out who, according to Evanier and Spiegle, is the murderer. You will also have to figure out a few additional pieces of the puzzle. No one ever said this was going to be easy.

Here are the questions you must answer...

1. Who fired the gun that killed Kangaroo? (Write this name on the outside of the envelope.)
2. Explain the clue that proves it.
3. What was this person's motive?
4. Which band member played Hawk? What two instruments did he play? What was his previous occupation?
5. Which band member played Dragon? What two instruments did he play? What was his previous occupation?
6. Which band member played Kangaroo? What two instruments did he play? What was his previous occupation?
7. Which band member played Goat? What two instuments did he play? What was his previous occupation?
8. Which band member played Bear? What two instruments did he play? What was his previous occupation?
9. What is the name and street address of the store where you bought your copy of **WHODUNNIT?** We request the correct answer to this question in order to award a cash prize to the store which sold the winner's copy.

RULES:

To enter, use a piece of 8½" × 11" paper. Make sure your name and address are clearly printed at the top of each page of your entry. Print or type your answers to the nine questions and mail your entry to:

WHODUNNIT?
c/o The Comics Buyer's Guide
700 East State Street
Iola, Wisconsin 54990

On the outside of the envelope in the lower left-hand area, write once again your answer to Question #1.

No envelopes will be opened until January 1, 1987. Envelopes will be opened by and entries judged by the staff of **The Comics Buyer's Guide.** The winner will be the entry with the earliest postmark that answers all eight mystery questions correctly as determined by our judges and as revealed in the final chapter by Evanier and Spiegle, to be published in **WHODUNNIT? #3,** and must have supplied a legible answer to Question #9 as well. If more than one winning entry with the same postmark is received, a random draw will be held and a winner selected from those who answered all of the questions correctly. In such a draw, no individual may be represented by more than one entry.

The winner, as determined by our judges, will receive a briefcase stuffed with one thousand dollars in cash, courtesy of **Eclipse Comics.** The store at which the winner bought his or her copy of **WHODUNNIT?** will win two hundred dollars cash from **Eclipse Comics.**

In the event that no entry satisfies the judges' criteria and is deemed correct, the prize money will be awarded to the entrant who, in the opinion of the judges, came closest to answering the eight mystery questions. If more than one such entry satisfies the judges criteria for correctness, a random draw will be held as described above.

All entries must be received by the closing date and must be addressed as above. We are not responsible for illegible postmarks or entries lost or delayed in the mail. All entries must be sent by standard First Class U.S. Mail. No hand-delivery, Express Mail, Special Delivery or other means of delivery will be accepted. The judges reserve the right to disqualify any entry for reasons of illegibility or suspected cheating. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries become the property of **Eclipse Comics,** and may be used for publicity purposes. This competition is open to anyone, except where prohibited by law and excepting employees of **Eclipse Comics,** the **Comics Buyer's Guide,** their suppliers, printers and engravers, retailers and wholesalers, the judging committee, their relatives, or others affiliated with those operating the competition. Decision of the judges will be considered final. All federal, state and local taxes are the responsibility of the winner. Contest void where prohibited.

The winner will be announced in **WHODUNNIT? #3,** scheduled to go on sale in February of 1987. The winner grants **Eclipse Comics** the right to use his or her name and likeness in that issue and publicity materials.

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